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Puck

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THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. WILLIAM.



PUCKOGRAPHS. — LXXI.

THE MAN WHO IS SLOWLY GIVING US
RAPID TRANSIT.

SOON DUE, HOWEVER.

SPECIAL ARTIST (of yellow journal).— Things are not going to suit the boss.

REPORTER.— How 's that?

SPECIAL ARTIST.— Why, over six months ago he had me make illustrations for a story to be entitled, "A New York Society Girl Elopes with the Family Automobilist," and the darn event has n't happened yet!

LOOKING FORWARD.

FIRST TRAMP.— Do yer t'ink de shirt-waist has come ter stay?

SECOND TRAMP.— Sure! We 'll be wearin' dem ourselves nex' Summer.

"HAVE YOU and May quarreled?"

"Yes."

"Difference of opinion?"

"No; we both thought he was perfect!"

AFTER ALL, the gospel according to Krupp is perhaps more likely to impress the average heathen.

THERE IS a whole lot of music that would be rag-time if it had not been written by a composer of some fame.

AS WE understand it, if Eve had not yielded to the blandishments of the serpent, the end-seats in the open street-cars would be virtually unoccupied at all times.

EQUALLY TRUE.

"Christianity and Commerce go hand in hand to the ends of the earth."

"Yes; also, gun in hand."

SUBSIDY.

"Is this an American bottom?" asked the haughty shade at the hither brink of the Styx.

"No, sir," replied Charon, in palpable confusion. "The ship-subsidy bill is still hung up in Congress, you know!"

A SAFE PREDICTION.

FIRST CITIZEN.— What will be the political complexion of the next legislature?

SECOND CITIZEN.— Can't say; but I 'll guarantee that it won't blush.

MORE DESIRABLE.

WIFE.— Some one has invented a yacht that sails herself.

HUSBAND.— I wish some one would invent a yacht that would pay for herself.

AGGRESSIVE JOURNALISM.

REUBEN RAILFENCE.— Yes; I took a couple of gallons of prime hard cider up to the editor of the *Hustler* last week.

HENRY HOECORN.— Aw! that explains it.

REUBEN RAILFENCE.— Explains what?

HENRY HOECORN.— Why, in this issue of his paper he demands that all the other Powers stand back and let the United States lick China alone.

JUST SO.

"Montana is one of the youngest of the states—"

"Yes; and its politics afford a shocking instance of juvenile depravity."

THE EDUCATIONAL TEST.

"Yes, sir!" exclaimed the Intense American; "I would exclude every foreigner who can not figure base-ball averages!"

PERHAPS MR. BRYAN is beginning to think that silence on silver is golden.

THE COMPLAINT of the Anti-expansionist is that he has been expanded without his consent or that of the expander.



A REFLECTION ON THE ANGLER.

"The fish seem to be keeping away from here to-day."

"Don't see why they should, young man. 'T ain't a dangerous place just now."





HIS CREDULITY.

"SEEN A kinder funny thing when I went over to Saul Tudd's, this forenoon, to borrow a monkey-wrench," said shrewd old Farmer Hornbeak, the while a sarcastic grin cracked open his weather-beaten complexion. "Saul's city nephew, that 's visitin' there, was entertainin' him with a thrillin' yarn about a feller in a burnin' rubber-boot factory.

"It ran like this: He was workin' on the sixth floor of the establishment, where a great quantity of the boots were stored, and a fire broke out down below and got under such headway before he knew it that he could n't get down in the ordinary manner. For some reason—mebby it was to help the story along—the firemen were unable to reach him at the windows, and he had given himself up for lost when a happy thought struck him. Puttin' it into execution, he pulled on the smallest pair of rubber boots that he could get his feet into, and a larger pair outside of them, and a still larger pair outside of that pair, and so on till he had donned about twelve pairs in all.

"Then he jumped from the window and lit on his feet in the middle of the street, and the rubber boots bounced him up in the air nearly as high as the

top of the buildin'. When he came down he bounced up again, and so continued bouncin' up and down in the street for three days and nights, till his brother had to take pity on him and shoot him as he bounced, to keep him from starvin' to death. That is the story the young city chap was tellin', and there Saul sat on an overturned half-bushel, with his mouth sagged open like a carpet-bag, drinkin' it all in as if it was soothin'-syrup and apparently believin' every word of it."

"Aw, shucks!" ejaculated Farmer Lanks. "He must have been only pretendin'. He's certainly got more sense than to believe anything as improbable as that."

"Wa-al, I d' know," returned the first speaker. "You see, Saul believes that William Jennin's Bryan will be the next president, and accordin' to my way of thinkin' a man that 'll believe that will believe 'most anything."

SOME POLITICIANS seem to think they can make a thing inevitable by merely bowing ostentatiously to it.

CIVILIZATION elevates the savage; sometimes with its high moral teachings and sometimes with its high explosives.



AN EXTREME CASE.

"Oh! he 's one of de wust sissys around-here, anyhow.
"Dat 's right! Just t'ink of a feller of his age what never smoked!"



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NO DISCOVERY.

RIMER.—Has your father discovered yet that I am a poet?
MISS GOLDUST.—No; and he says he has read everything that you have ever written, too!

HIS SNARL.



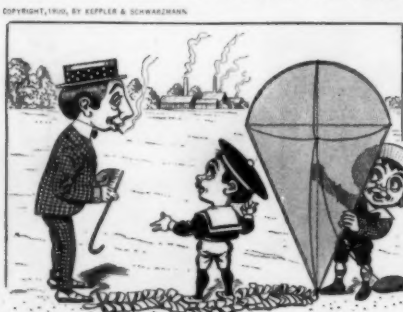
THE MORE I hear and read about them college students," said the Old Codger, acridly, "and their little hazin' picnics, their cane-rushes, their pie-eater and anti-delta gammon societies, their fantastic and hideous yells, their foot-ball games and their predilection for breakin' up public performances which other people have paid to witness but which don't happen to please their Royal High Mightinesses, and otherwise behavin' in a way that would make Siwash Injuns ashamed of themselves, and avoidin' everything that even remotely resembles what an old foggy like me always s'posed was what they went to college for, the less I think of the boys themselves and the more I think of the bow-backed fathers at many of their homes who are toiling and pinching and growing old too fast, trying to keep Roy or Elbridge or Horace in college and good clothes with one hand while they endeavor to hold at bay the mortgage on the old homelace with the other.

"I also think of the God-fearing old Mother who encourages Father so nobly and inks the seams of his frayed and adolescent Sunday coat so artistically that hardly anybody would guess that it had done its duty faithfully for three years, come next Candlemas Day, and never complains—that is, Mother, I mean, not the old coat—b'cuz she has to wear her seven-year-old alpaca and a bunnit that, to an unprejudiced eye, looks like the very Old Scratch, to church; and prays every night for Roy or Elbridge or Horace, or whatever his fool-name is, and sends him all of the egg-money, and counts it a blessed privilege to deny herself for his sake, b'cuz she is his mother and it's right to give our boy a

AN UNEXPECTED ASCENSION;

OR,

DAINTY CHOLLY AND THE MAMMOTH KITE.



I.
THE BOYS.—Say, Mr. Fether, will you please hold our kite? It will take both of us to hold the string.



II.
"Now, when we say 'ready!' let her go."

chance so 's he won't have to toil all his life like his father has done.

"It ain't got anything particular to do with it, that I know of, but up in the southwest corner of the top drawer of the bureau in the spare bedroom, in a lacquered box that Uncle Jotham, who was a sea-cap'n, brought home to Mother, just the last voyage before he was lost, years and years ago, when she was the Deacon's daughter and the prettiest girl in the village, is a little limpsy yeller curl that she cut off from the ridge-pole of Roy's or Elbridge's or Horace's pate when—confound him!—he was a tiny cub and believed that Father and Mother knew everything that was worth knowing. All of which ain't got anything in particular to do with the case, as I said before, but I can't help weighin' that old-fashioned Mother's love and that fuddy little curl over against the young man off'm whose head that lock of hair was amputated, and kinder wonderin' if, after all, his opinion of himself and his own importance ain't just a trifle over-inflated.

"I don't know enough about the classics and sciences and higher education, and so forth, to hurt me much, and I ain't given to indulgin' in profanity, except on special occasions, but I'll be dummed if I don't think it would be more becoming, and, at the same time, more honestly advantageous to all parties concerned, if the boy would hike out for home and make a cane-rush into the hardware store, or the harness shop, or out onto the old farm, as the case might be, and haze the business up a bit, or daub his class-colors all over the weather-beaten barn, or organize himself into a society



IV.
CHOLLY.—Help! Help! Let her down! Let her down!

of one with a rallying-cry of 'Duty!' or something of the kind; or make a drop-kick at Father's burden, or break up the mortgage, and otherwise remove the old folks' load of worry, makin' Father's tasks lighter and Mother's faith more plausible.

"He might not look as picturesque between the handles of the plow, or at the work-bench, or gently beauin' Mother over the muddy crossings on their way to the village church, but to an old foggy like me he'd appear a dum-sight more worthy of respect and admiration than he does at present, with his idiotic yells and his hallucinations that he is really a man and cuts some figger in the economy of Nature.

"I'm a fossil, I presume, and unworthy of attention, except as an object lesson, but them's my sentiments on the college boy question, and don't you forget it!"

Tom P. Morgan.

A MATTER OF CONSCIENCE.

WIFE.—Don't you think, dear, we should teach the children to say grace?

HUSBAND.—I don't know. There is just the right material in it for them to swear with.

ON THE other hand, our lax divorce laws certainly have a tendency to make two pretty home weddings to be pulled off where one was pulled off before.

PUCK.



V.
THE BOYS.—Help! Help! Help! We can't pull it in!



VI.
THE STRONG MAN.—Steady! Steady! Steady!



VII.
"And there you are! Just like a feather bed."

THE COMING CENTURY.

HAIL, O Century!
Listen unto me —
This I chant to thee
Thou shouldst mark —
For the centuries of night
Passed in ignorance and blight —
Till thy mother bounded bright
From the dark.

When the Sun that saw the birth of our venerable Earth
Looked upon us but a hundred years ago,
Slaving strenuously then were innumerable men
Whose appliances of toil were crude and slow.

With a hand-spade, we are told, they would mine into the
mould,
With their fingers and their thumbs they gathered grain;
And a tinder-box-smooth-bore was their ordnance of war,
And they traveled in a balky-walky train.

But an era of invention dawned upon them — not to mention
They discovered that a patent often pays; —
And the brainy men that were buckled to to make things stir,
While the elder world beheld them in amaze.

Came a locomotive, snorting, and an iron ship, cavorting
With a screw-propeller bucking in her stern;
Came a harvester a-slashing — binding, winnowing
and threshing —
Friction matches and electric lights to burn.

Came a telegraph and 'phone, and a cable
all alone
Holding land to land beneath the
sullen seas;
Jacquard-looms to weave in roses,
artificial limbs and noses,
Bicycles and penny-postage, if you
please.

Came a sewing-machine — sadly, a
typewriter, clicking madly,
And a camera — the pretty girl's
delight;
Came a trolley on a string and a
naughty mobile thing,
Rubber X-rays — and the end is not
in sight.

'Mid our luxuries —
Feeling pride in these —
Now we bid thee, please,
Without fail,
Beat thy mother century —
To the test we challenge thee; —
And here 's length of years — and we
Bid thee Hail!

Francis James MacBeath.

A TYPE.

"Bah! Backnumber holds so many
theories which have been exploded."
"That's right; and the explosions
did n't even wake him up."



VIII.
CHOLLY.—Oh! my dizzy brain! Darn these
athletic sports, anyhow!

NOT AN EXTREMIST.

"Dis hyah new minister ought ter be popular. He
seems ter hab purty lib'ral views on de
chicking queschun."
"He do, eh?"

"Yes. He says he's knowed
some purty good men what
done lubbed dere neigh-
bor's chickings as dere
own."



MUTUAL APOLOGIES.

BUNCO-STEERER.—Ain't this 'Squire Perkins of
Perkinsville?
FARMER BROWN.—No, sirree! Ain't yew a bunco-steerer?
BUNCO-STEERER.—No, sirree!
FARMER BROWN.—Then the mistake is mutual, b'gosh!
Let 's have a drink!

A HARD ONE.

THE LAWYER.—Hello! there goes old Stuckie!
I have n't seen him for a long time. I agreed
to do some work for him once for five dollars —

THE FRIEND.—Well?

THE LAWYER.—Well, it was the hardest five
I ever earned and did n't get.

HIS LITTLE JOKE.

FIRST BURGLAR (preparing to leave after
robbing the safe).—Dey 'll never suspect it wuz
gents uv our perfession did dis trick.

SECOND BURGLAR.—Dey
won't? Fer why?

FIRST BURGLAR.—Can't
yer see dis is a "guaranteed
burglar-proof safe," yer
farmer?



THE SECRET.

"What do you suppose makes
Touchstone so tremendously popu-
lar?"

"He takes everybody aside
and asks them confidentially
what they think of the political
outlook, without interjecting
an opinion of his own."

WHY PARROTS SWEAR.

MRS. GALEY.—My parrot
has n't sworn once during the
past two weeks.

MRS. GADFLY.—Really?
How do you account for his
reformation?

MRS. GALEY.—Nobody has
asked him to have a cracker
during that time.

ONE EXCEPTION.

RAFFERTY.—It takes two t' make a
quar-rel, yez know.

RYAN (with battered face).—Fergit
it! My woife kin make wan av th'
noicest quar-rels yez 'd care t' take a
hand in all be hersilf.

WHEN WE do manage to get in on
the ground floor we generally find
that the elevator is not running.

PERFECT.

"I wish I were nearer perfection," I said,
As I sat on the sofa with her;
The lamp threw a halo of gold o'er her head,
Her breath was like orris and myrrh.

"That's easy," she said, with a smile in her eye,
A trick she had gathered from Venus;
And then, with a laugh and a fluttering sigh,
She cast out the pillow between us.

Harold MacGrath.

STILL IN ADVANCE.

BOARDER.—You made me pay in advance at first
because I was a stranger. That was all right. But
I am not a stranger now.

LANDLADY.—No; I know you now.

LOOKED LIKE IT.

HIRAM (as he strikes Broadway).—Gee-
whizz! Marthy, just look at all the
people! There must be a circus in town

SIZED UP.

FIRST DOCTOR.—Was n't Skinner
once a patient of yours?

SECOND DOCTOR.—For a little
while. I diagnosed him as a man who
would n't pay his bills.

PENITENT.

MRS. GOOD.—It is drink that has brought
you so low.

THE TRAMP.—Yes 'm. It has brought me so
low that I can't get a drink.

NOT MUCH DIFFERENCE.

OLD LAWYER.—How'd I get my start? Well, shortly after I was
called to the bar a rich uncle died and I came into possession of a cool
hundred thousand.

YOUNG LAWYER (in surprise).—But I never knew you had a rich
uncle!

OLD LAWYER.—I did n't say I did;—it was a client's rich uncle
who died.

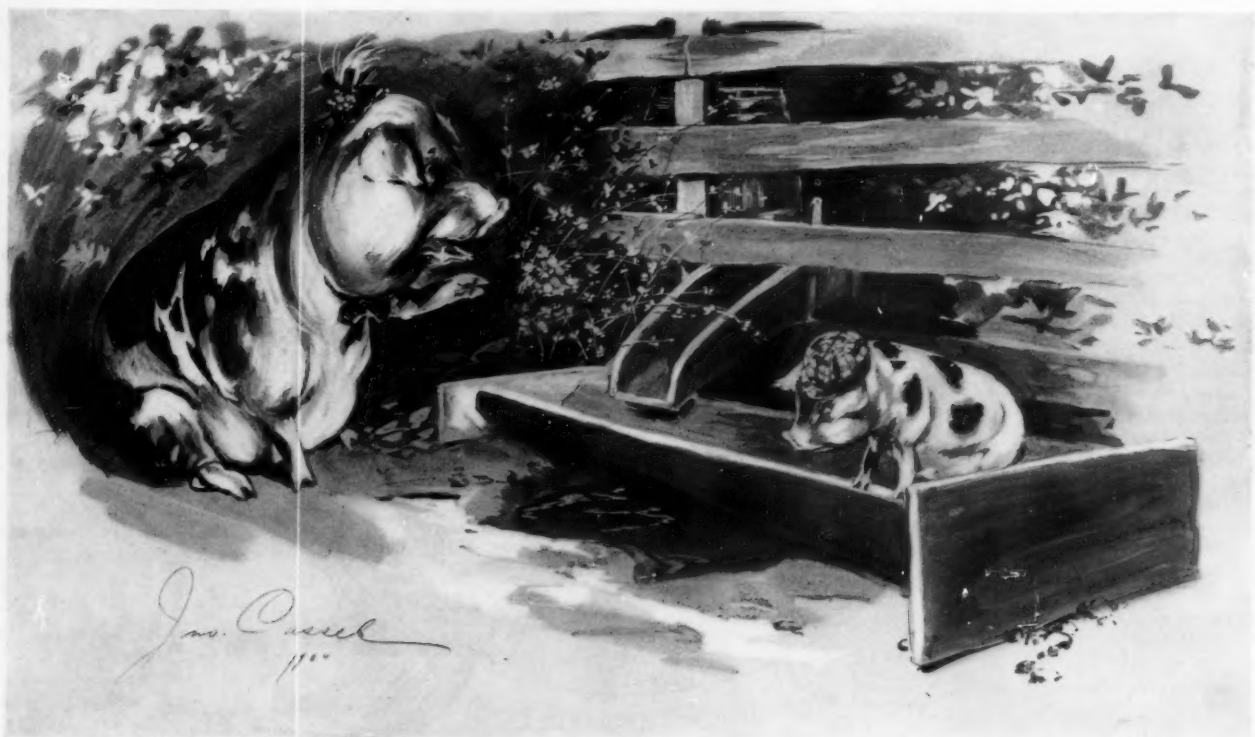


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THE WIDOW'S MIGHT.

MISS GADDING.—No one knows anything about her, but she gives
it out that she is a widow.

MISS SCANDLE.—Well, she looks like a woman who would say
anything to attract the men!



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TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA.

MRS. HOGG.—Don't you know what becomes of bad little pigs when they die?

THE LITTLE PIG.—What, Mama?

MRS. HOGG.—They go to a horrible place where they get thin.

PUCK.



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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE FAIRY PRINCE. **B**LESSED is the man who, in this age of enlightened cynicism, can take himself seriously. Splendid are the occasions which his fancy creates and nurses. He lives ever in a dream, but the dream is more real to him than are matters and things. For this faculty the German Emperor is to be envied rather than for his kingly estate. That is, by all who are able nicely to weigh abstract values. For the ingenuous William is taking his games as seriously to-day as he could possibly have done at the age of six. His sermon to his troops off for China reveals a condition of mind rarely observed since the day of the fine, grim old poets who wrote the Old Testament. William is back in the time when pious men of God slaughtered religiously for His glory, and prayed more power to their blades that the blood of their foes might run increasingly. "Once more hath the heathenish Amalekite spirit uplifted itself furiously in distant Asia." It is the hapless Chinese that he is calling Amalekites. They are, it seems, seeking "to hinder the passage of European commerce and European civilization, and to stem the victorious pathway of Christian belief and Christian morality." And he hears once more "the command of God, 'Choose out men and go out to fight with Amalek.'" And while the battle goes in the valley of Rephidim, William, after the way of Moses, Aaron and Hur, will in spirit climb to the mountain top and pray for all he is worth. How good a poet was here spoiled to make an indifferent monarch! The other rulers of earth, knowing, and hardly making other pretense, that China is being worked for gold, hard dollars and cents, ought to bow meekly before this man who has so fine a genius for fooling himself. He is the one person in the world who really believes that any considerable number of people care a hang about the religion or morality of the Chinese outside of business hours.

HUMAN NATURE. **W**ILL IT ever cease to be held virtuous to cover up the salient facts of human nature and deny them? For example, one of these facts is that human nature is at once interested in almost any sort of physical contest, and that, of all our sports and games, boxing or "prize-fighting" if you prefer, is by far the most absorbing. Proof of this is found in that it attracts larger crowds than any other, except, perhaps, the much rougher, less scientific and more brutal sport of foot-ball; that it draws more money from its patrons; that it is accorded more space in the newspapers by men long trained to gauge the public taste; that the names of its experts are household words, as that term goes; and that the news of their victories and defeats is eagerly sought and widely discussed even by people who never dream of witnessing their performances. Now, this is doubtless regrettable. One could be prouder of our common human nature if a champion pugilist's earnings did not as a rule exceed those of all but the best-paid operatic stars; — if they were less in excess of the sums paid to artists in oil or words or clay, and if the measure of the applause bestowed upon him were not many times greater. This is not especially pretty, we say, but is that a good reason to pretend it is not so?

Every ring champion, it is true, is not personally popular, aside from his prowess, but many of them are. We do not think that men who know the world as it is will deny that ten years ago the artist known as John L. Sullivan was the most popular man in the United States; known to more people of all classes, and an object of admiration to more, than any contemporary statesman, philosopher or poet. Then why not frankly admit that more honest, decent people were intensely interested in him and his professional activities than ever heard of James Russell Lowell or Oliver Wendell Holmes or Phillips Brooks?

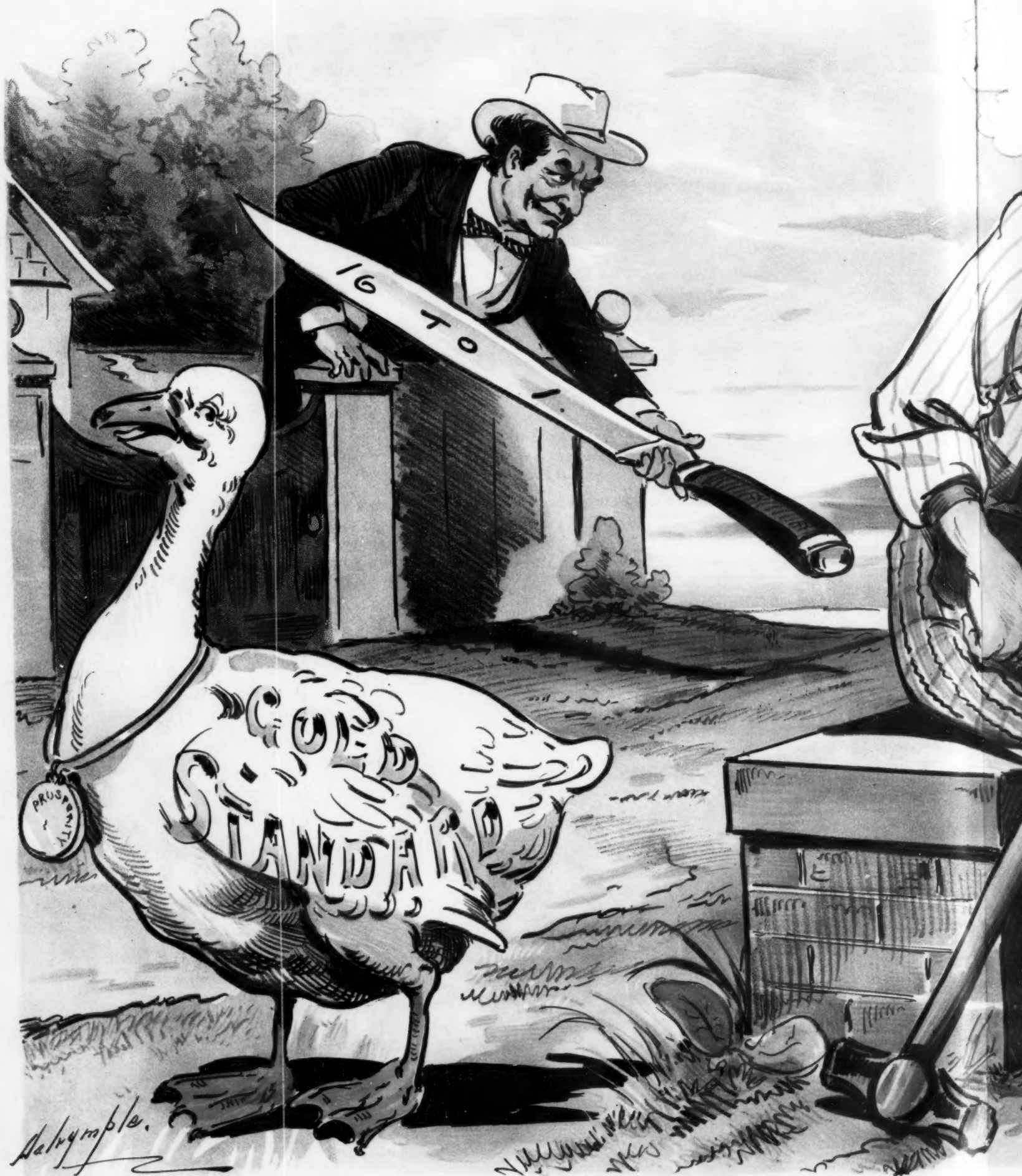
We are moved to this by reading the stereotyped editorial on the subject in the *Evening Post* of this town. "There is not," it begins, "a decent citizen in New York who will not draw a long breath of relief when

he realizes that by the expiration of the Horton law last night prize-fighting has been made impossible." We make bold to say that this assertion is an achievement rare in the annals of inaccuracy. But the point is, could the man who wrote it possibly have believed it? He gives cause further on to suspect that he did; and yet archaeologists and fossil-sharps leave New York City for the remote and insalubrious places of earth. "If the general public had any notion that an advertised 'mill' was likely to prove a mere harmless display of skilled boxing, it would not dream of paying out money to witness a spectacle so unexciting," continues the *Post*. Yet the mill to which especial reference is made was expected by the general public to be just such an affair, and not a rough slugging match, and so generally was this prospect valued by the general public that the prices of admission were advanced on just that account. Again, says the *Post*, "the spectators were not only roughs and rowdies, the denizens of the foul drinking slums of the East side, but boys in the most critical turning days of earliest manhood." Let us consider this. The prices of admission to this disgraceful affair ranged from five to twenty-five dollars. The attendance was about eight thousand, and the receipts were said to be sixty thousand dollars. Does the *Post* really believe that the denizens of the foul drinking slums of the East side and boys "in the most critical stages of earliest manhood" have sixty thousand dollars to pay for this vicious indulgence? Certainly, no denizen of a foul drinking slum that we ever encountered was lavish enough to pay out seven or eight dollars for an evening of purely aesthetic enjoyment. The last three boxing-matches before the expiration of the Horton law showed receipts aggregating one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, which must have been a drain upon the resources of the roughs, rowdies, loafers, tramps and lodging-house dipso-maniacs who, according to the *Post*, made up the spectators. The figures themselves tell plainly that if the *Post* is right, its same charge of indecency would lie against the people named in the city directory or in our voting lists; for the lovers of this game are of all kinds and of all degrees of culture. Even the *Post* admits that in the throngs are, "woful to relate, many old and middle-aged men accounted respectable in general society." It is truly a wretched state of affairs, for we ought all to be nice and good and gentle and to loathe rough manners. But we shall not pretend this is so until it is so. Nor do we believe that the *Post* fools even its own readers.



RELIEVED HIS MIND.

THE BOY.—Oh, yes, lots of people give tips!
ISAACS.—Don't's goot. Den you von't miss so much de vuns you don't get.



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A HINT NOT

PUCK.



J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

NT NOT TAKEN.

PUCK.



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AN UNFORTUNATE EFFECT.

THE MONKEY.—Please try to look pleasant!

THE LION.—Pleasant? I want to look stern!

THE MONKEY.—Yes; but you 'll scare me so I 'll make the camera wobble

THE POT AND THE KETTLE.

WHITE DOVE, KY., Sept. 1.

AT THE picnic given yesterday by the Second Baptist Church, of this township, Miss Gladys Gush, the Joan of Arc of Coogan County, created a sensation by calling for volunteers to follow her in an anti-lynching crusade throughout the Northern states.

As Miss Gush is about the most attractive young lady of the township, a shortage in farm help was immediately imminent, and crops, for the time being, looked likely to rot in the fields. The young lady's father, however, was called in, and presumably used the right threats at the right moment, as she does not start her crusade until late in the Fall.

AHASHUERUS, ALA., Sept. 2.

By a unanimous vote, the town selectmen at the regular meeting to-night passed resolutions of sympathy for the city officials of New York over the recent rioting in that place.

A handsomely engrossed copy of these resolutions was ordered forwarded to the Mayor of New York, and the aid and assistance of the Ahashuerus Rifles was also freely tendered, to be available in case of another outbreak.

BOWIE KNIFE, TEX., Sept. 3.

At a mass meeting of the citizens, presided over by Judge Garrote R. Hasenplug, last night, resolutions were passed protesting "against uncivilized conduct on the part of our sister State of Ohio," and admonishing them "of the pernicious example thus displayed in setting the laws of the land at defiance in this age of civilization and land of Christianity."

OWCOODUDOSO, FLA., Sept. 3.

The annual Methodist camp-meeting was to-day brought to a close, after a most fruitful session. The principal event of the last day's services was the prayer of Moderator Longwind for the benefit of the mob-infested cities of the North. The prayer lasted two hours and thirty-five minutes, and it was agreed by all present that the Moderator came pretty near covering the ground.

HOMOCIDE, S. C., Sept. 4.

Acting in conjunction with the Board of Trade, the Feenix Fire and General Insurance Co., to-day declared an advance of fifty per cent. on all risks north of Mason and Dixon's line.

It is rumored that a majority of policies issued on properties in the State of Ohio will be taken up, but this report is by no means substantiated.

LYNCHBURG, LA., Sept. 5.

Hiram Hemp, the wealthy philanthropist of this city, who died last week, left a codicil in his will providing for the endowment of a chair of Sociology in some prominent Northern college. The will also provides that a certain portion of this endowment be used in promoting the observance of the laws and the suppressing of mob violence in Northern communities.

JIMSONWEED, GA., Sept. 6.

The sheriff of Bloodfield County to-day telegraphed the Mayor of New York that his standing posse, comprising forty men and eight dogs, could be mobilized on twenty-four hours' notice and was at the service of the City of New York, on condition that transportation be supplied. Up to a late hour no answer had been received.

W. S. Adkins.



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A SENSIBLE FATHER.

CITY NEPHEW (visiting in country).—Why, what's this, Uncle, a gold-brick?

UNCLE.—That's what, by gosh! And the package right next it is full uv sawdust, an' jest behind that yew 'll see three walnut shells an' a rubber pea. About wunst a month I explain the mysteries uv them articles tew the children.

• ABOVE ALL OTHERS •

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for information leading to the conviction of persons having refilled empty bottles of

Coke Dandruff Cure

or having adulterated or tampered in any way with the original contents of the same. Extensive frauds have been practiced by a large number of unscrupulous persons, who have lately used spurious and often injurious preparations in "Coke Dandruff Cure" bottles, palming them off as the genuine COKE DANDRUFF CURE.

Certain dishonest Jobbers have offered to barbers spurious goods, in color like "COKE DANDRUFF CURE," representing that their goods are the same as the genuine and that the barbers can use them in "Coke Dandruff Cure" bottles.

Barbers are warned against such frauds. These imitations are not the same as "Coke Dandruff Cure" and to use them in "Coke Dandruff Cure" bottles is a misdemeanor, punishable by fine and imprisonment. We have decided to protect our customers and have instructed our attorney to prosecute all who imitate our packages, refill our bottles, or palm off bogus goods as the genuine "Coke Dandruff Cure."

Any communication relating to the detection of such frauds will be treated with strict confidence.

A. R. BREMER Co., Chicago.

BARKEEPER'S FRIEND

METAL POLISH—Safe, Quick, Easy. Gives a brilliant, durable lustre; never spoils; guaranteed pound box 25c. at dealers. G. W. Hoffman, Mfr., Indianapolis, Ind.

The United States Government Guarantees

OLD OVERHOLT WHISKEY

Bottled in Bond.

Quality — Quantity — Age.

A. OVERHOLT & CO. Pittsburgh, Pa.

THIS is the only time you will ever live this Summer. Make the most of it. —L. A. W. Bulletin.

When you're used up in the morning and you have no appetite. And your food seems almost tasteless and your stomach don't feel right. Do not blame it on the cooking, do not scold your loving wife. But take a Ripans Tabule, it will give to you new life.

Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO., Baltimore Md.

NOT THE BEST MOTIVES.

"They say it costs three dollars to take a bath in the Klondike region."

"Yes; I had a friend up there who took a bath once just to show he had the money." — Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE man with a "strong-minded" wife is in a hen-peck of trouble. — L. A. W. Bulletin.

Art Posters

Pictures of the Republican nominees,

McKinley and Roosevelt

and the Democratic nominees,

Bryan and Stevenson

handsomely lithographed in colors. Very large (28 in. wide, 42 in. high), mailed on receipt of

10c. Each, Stamps or Silver.

THE DONALDSON LITHO. CO., Newport, Ky.

Newport is a suburb of Cincinnati, O.

PARAMOUNT.

"Pop, what's a paramount issue?"

"It's the sort of issue, my boy, that you positively insist that the other party must favor, because you can fight it the best." — Cleve. Plain Dealer.

Thousands testify that Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters is the proper tonic to take in the Spring. A reputation of fifty years speaks for itself.



Have a good Cigar. It's just as easy to have a good smoke as a poor one. They cost you the same. The Brunswick is good. You will like it and buy it again. **Look for Arrow Head on Every Cigar.**

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Good whisky cannot be spoiled by good water.

"Canadian Club" Whisky

is admittedly one of the most delicate of whiskies, yet water does not wash out its subtle flavour and aroma, but on the contrary enhances them. A "Canadian Club" High Ball is the perfection of a summer drink.

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THE USUAL COURSE.

PASSENGER. — I'm afraid I have no money with me. What do you do when a — a respectable-looking person can't pay his fare?

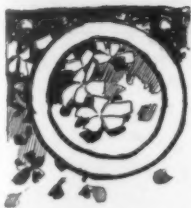
CONDUCTOR. — Why, we let him ride free — to the next corner.

It's pretty hard to cow a bulldog. — L. A. W. Bulletin.

Don't dally along with dyspepsia—it's dangerous. Cure it quickly by taking regular doses of Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. It never fails.

A pure article of champagne is a healthy beverage. Get Cook's Imperial Extra Dry. 40 years' record.

Lean dogs growl more than fat ones. — Chicago News.



"THE HAYS AND WHEELER GUARDS."

H! the campaign 's gittin' hotter as the weather 's gittin' cold,
And the same old "funny" stories on the stump are bein' told,
And the same unselfish statesmen are "a-viewin' with alarm,"
And a-p'intin' ter the party that 'll keep us safe from harm;
And the country 's sure ter founder if we vote fer that or this!
Oh! it all seems mighty nat'ral; but there 's one thing that I miss,
'T is the fine old martial spirit, that the voter now discards,
But which thrilled us when we p'raded with the "Hays and
Wheeler Guards."

Yes, I miss that martial spirit, and I miss the tramp of feet,
And the gay red fire a-sputtin' up and down the village street;
And the troops of noble heroes in their cambric uniforms,
And the lines of flamin' torches movin' on in firely swarms,
Where 's the bold transparent mottoes, settin' forth our leader's fame?
Where 's the boys that always gathered ter throw brickbats through the same?
Where 's the feller who with fireworks all the marchin' host bombards,
And who kept us busy dodgin' in the "Hays and Wheeler Guards?"

Where 's the giddy pasteboard helmets, plumed with somethin' like a brush,
That looked lovely when 't was pleasant, but, when rained on, turned ter mush?
Where 's that torch they called a "flambeau," that would flare up straight and true,
But which sorter scorched yer vitals if yer sucked instead of blew?
Where 's the graceful oilcloth "toga?" Where 's them roomy meal-bag pants?
Where 's the swords that tripped their wearers every time they got a chance?
Where 's the other party's minions, come ter pay their kind regards?
Say! they got their fill of fightin' from the "Hays and Wheeler Guards."

Oh! the wild excitin' evenin's spent in marchin' up and down,
Taggin' on behind the music and admired by all the town!
Oh! the haltin' fer refreshments and the tramp home down the street,
With yer bosom filled with glory and some tangles in yer feet!
And there ain't no use in sayin' that a campaign can be run,
As it should be, without "torchlights," 'cause I vow it can't be done;
And I 'd swap off every "rally" that was ever on the cards
For one night in a procession with the "Hays and Wheeler Guards!"

Joe Lincoln.

HIS OPINION.

WHIFFLETREE.—Josh Hayrube sez he 's goin' tew mor'gage his farm an' bet ev'ry cent uv the money on Bill Bryan. I tell ye, he 's the staunchest Jeffersonian Democrat around these parts!

WISEACRE.—By Gum! Thet's the highest-falutinest name fer a dum fool I ever heerd!

A CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR MOVEMENT — The Efforts of the Allies in China.

THE PARAMOUNT issue in China is how much of it will be left when the Powers get through.

SOME DAY the tariff war will be regarded as only a shade less barbarous than the regular article.

ONE OF these days the anti-shirt-waist-man, like the last rose of Summer, will be blooming alone.



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THE ONLY WAY.

HE.—What would you do if I should kiss you?
SHE.—That is for you to find out!

"THE ONLY WAY"
TO SATISFY YOURSELF THAT
White Rock
OZONATE
LITHIA WATER

is the most refreshing and delightful mineral water on the market, is to try it just once.

It is the only water with the vim and sparkle without the bite.

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Among the discoveries which mark the ending of the past century and the beginning of this one as the most advanced period in the history of the world, none have made themselves as potent as the practice and teaching of WELTMERISM or "the science of healing the sick without the aid of drugs or the surgeon's knife."

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The best stomach regulator. None better in mixed drinks.

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After twenty payments have been made, the policy is continued in force, and you get a Paid-up Policy for the full amount without further charge.

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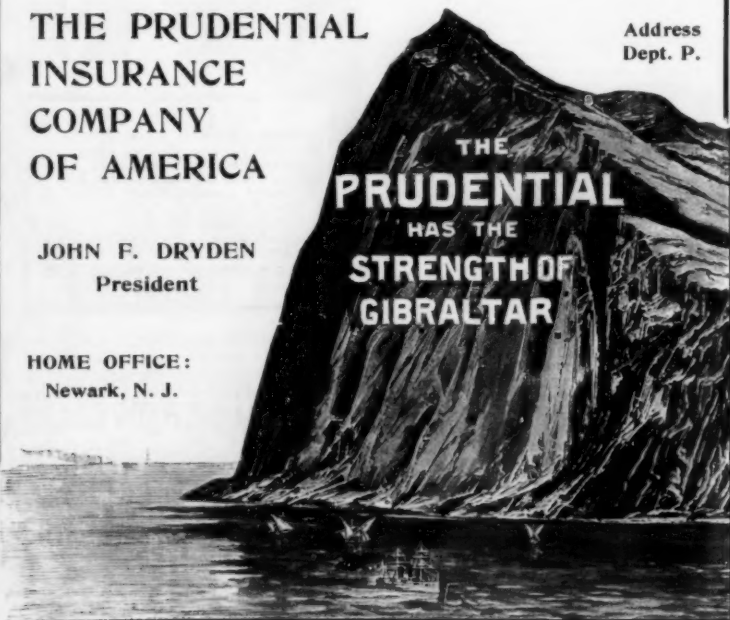
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THE DARK SIDE.

I am the hopeless misanthrope,
In shadows I am fain to grope.

When I behold a rose so fair,
I think of thorns well-hidden there.
When breezes soft sweep o'er the plain,
I think about a hurricane.
When rain drops patter on the ground,
I think of floods with fear profound.
When fleecy clouds float o'er the blue,
I think of deadly storms that brew.
When butterflies are light of wing,
I think of grubs with shuddering.

So go your way and do not try
To stanch my tear, nor stay my sigh.
In shadows leave me here to grope,
I am the hopeless misanthrope!

—Washington Star.

NOT ENCOURAGING.

PRETTY GIRL TEACHER. — If you devotedly believe all I have taught, and religiously observe the commandments, you will meet me in heaven.

CHINESE PUPIL. — Whatee goodee thatee do? No malliage there. —New York Weekly.

WE don't know what the "yellow peril" is the newspapers talk about, but we imagine it is the stuff called salad dressing, which the women insist upon smearing upon everything on the table. —Atchison Globe.

BR'ER JOHNSON' WAY.

Br'er Johnson wuz a honey!

You 'd heah 'im — late en soon:
"Somebody raise de money,
Praise God, I 'll raise de tune!"

—Atlanta Constitution.

A TYPE.

"Ethel is the kind of a girl who never awakens envy in any other woman."

"I see! Brilliant, but homely." —Harper's Bazar.

NOT HEADQUARTERS.

"What did her father say?"

"He said he could n't understand why I came to him — all his property was in his wife's name." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

No matter what he says or does, there is always a disposition to suspect Li Hung Chang of dealing from the bottom and middle of the pack. —Washington Post.

NOT A HATER OF WEALTH.

"A great many people dislike that political associate of yours."

"For what reason?"

"Well, so far as I can see, it is simply because he is an enormously rich man."

"I thought so," answered Senator Sorghum. "And that being the case I must say I love him for the enemies he has made." —Washington Star.

SUSPECTED IT.

CASHIER. — I can't honor that check, Madam. Your husband's account is overdrawn.

WOMAN. — Huh! Overdrawn, is it? I suspected something was wrong when he signed this check without waiting for me to get the hysterics. —N. Y. Weekly.

PATIENCE. — Do you ever jump in your sleep?

PATRICE. — Yes; I did last night. I dreamed I had a proposal of marriage. —Yonkers Statesman.

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Price, \$17.50.

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Catalogues free at the dealers or by mail.



They are all be-stretch only when you not lose their stretch as ers should do and do others do.
The "Chester" at 25c. A cheaper model at 25c. Sample pairs, postpaid, on receipt of price. Nicked drawer suspenders free to purchasers for dealer's name if he is out of them. CHESTER SUSPENDER CO., 4 Beccator Ave., Roxbury Crossing, Mass. Branch factory, Brockville, Ontario.

"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."
—Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.

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THREE STAR
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AT ALL BARS and RESTAURANTS.



Catalogue of latest Models for a stamp.
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A pure, mellow rye whiskey that has stood every test of time. The connoisseur's choice, and the favorite drink of all who have tried it.

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"The Lake Shore Limited" leaves Grand Central Station, New York, every afternoon at 5.30 and arrives Chicago via Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway the next afternoon at 4.30.

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The Standard
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ALWAYS EASY

The Name "BOSTON GARTER" is stamped on every loop.

The **Velvet Grip**
CUSHION
BUTTON
CLASP

Lies flat to the leg—never Slips, Tears nor Unfastens.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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Cotton 50c.

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EVERY PAIR WARRANTED



FIRST HORSE. — I heard that chap in the "auto" say us horses had seen our best days!
SECOND HORSE. — Nonsense! We are just beginning to get 'em!

SEAL OF NORTH CAROLINA PLUG CUT

is a mild, cool, mellow and satisfying tobacco of the highest quality and is the most popular and largest selling brand of "plug cut" smoking tobacco in the world! The reason for this is that the leaf that "Seal" is made of is cured in its own native climate—in the sunshine and balmy atmosphere of the southern states, where pipe tobacco originated. A full size trial pouch will be sent by return mail on receipt of 10 cents in postage stamps by The American Tobacco Co.,

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The very best material in wood, iron and steel is required to manufacture a first-class Piano.

The wood, carefully selected, must be thoroughly seasoned to make it stand the atmospheric changes of climates.

This part is extremely essential and constantly requires an immense stock on hand. Properly piled up, it lies in the yards, exposed to wind and weather during three and even five years. Now the wood, cut up in sizes to suit, is placed in the drying oven for days to become entirely free from moisture of any kind. At last it is shaped and formed to fill its place.

It does not take a very sharp observer to understand why there is such a great difference in prices of Pianos and Pianos.

Parts of the woodwork look as if made out of one solid piece of wood, which it is not. These

parts are veneers glued together, shaped and formed while glued, and which can not warp out of shape and form any more. The drying oven again has to extract all moisture of any kind, and more strength and durability are added to the structure of the instrument.

The keyboard, in its full construction, also needs the most careful work and attention.

To manufacture the strings nothing but the very best material should be used.

These facts should never be overlooked by the buyer of a first-class Piano.

The next is the reputation the makers have won, not only in the make, but also in the selling of their instruments.

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You have only to feel the comfort ease and convenience of

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to be a life long convert to their use. Trimmings never rust. Refuse imitations. Word "President" stamped on buckle of genuine. \$15.00 to be distributed among wearers. Write for particulars.

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When a man goes anywhere with a woman, he always comes back with a veil in his pocket.—*Atchison Globe.*



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